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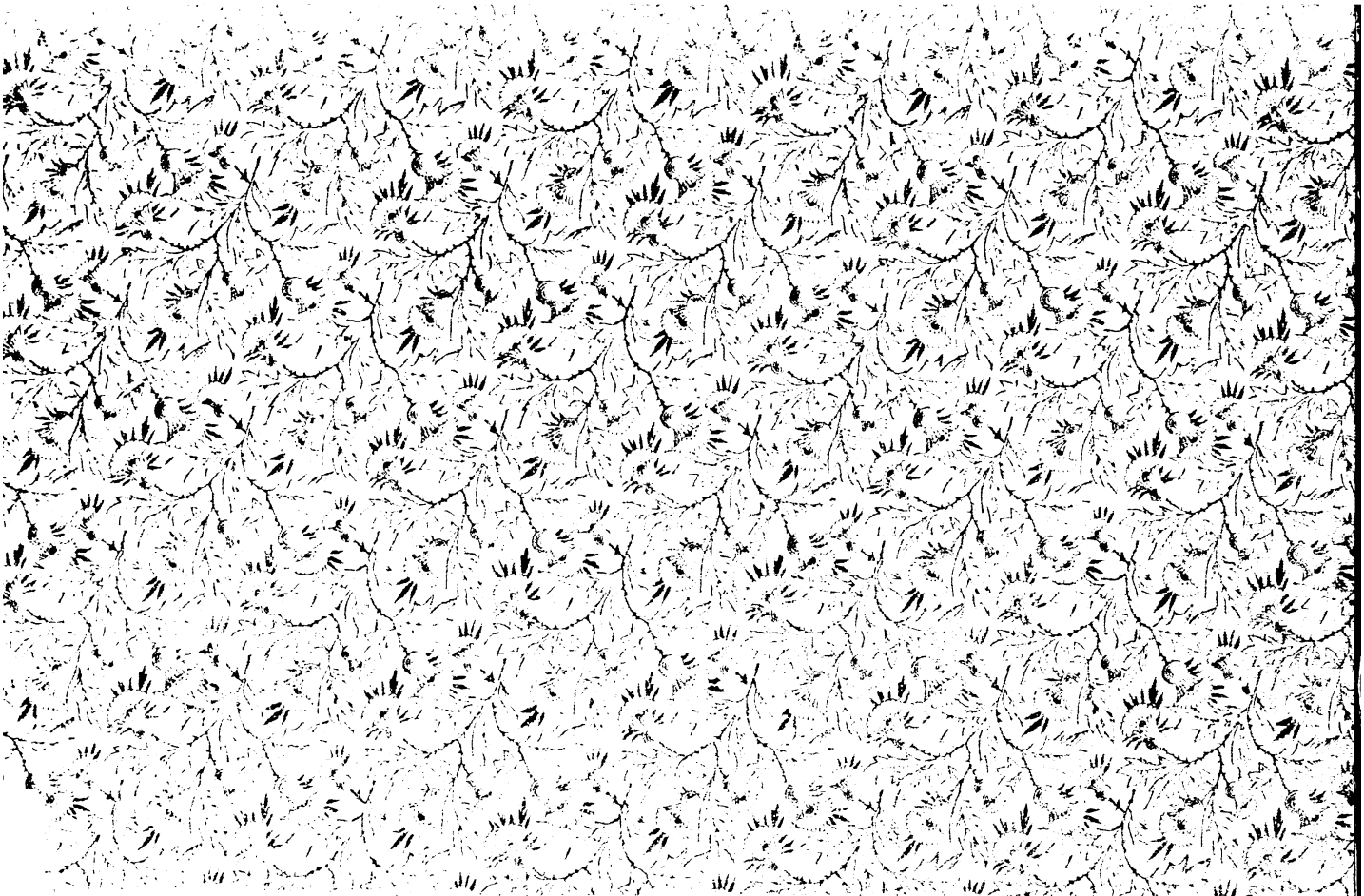

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In the old days when the white tower of the light-house gleamed from the summit of the bluffs—just where now no sign of bluff remains; when three long black piers jutted far out into the waters of the bay—just where now no piers are seen at all; when sloop or shallop, seeking entrance to our winding river, sailed through a rift in the sandy beach—just where all is solid soil to-day, while the turbid waters go curdling out through a nearer channel as artificial as their own color; in those old days when there was no Seventh Ward, the bluffs rose bare and bold, and scarred by wave and weather on the bay side, and billowy and rounded towards the nestling town. In those days Milwaukee seemed huddling behind those natural bulwarks and taking shelter from the fierce northeasters that sent the white-capped surges tumbling in foam upon the sweeping curve of the beach; while on bright afternoons that antique light-house was the Mecca of our people. Here was the chosen promenade, here the play-ground of our boyhood, and

from these breezy heights we kept watch for the slow coming of the white steamer from Chicago, or, glancing westward and commanding the whole length of Wisconsin Street, that had not dreamed of boring into our fastness then, we looked down into the sloping valley towards the river, and clear over the roofs of the homely, old-fashioned, white frame houses that were so rapidly springing into being.

Long since has the light-house doused its glim and crumbled away. Long since has the bold bluff at Wisconsin Street been shoveled into the neighboring squares; its broad and uncomplaining bosom yielding tribute by the cubic yard to the rescue of surrounding swamp-land; but farther north, though their crests are shaved away to fill their creases, the bluffs still stand to remind all old Milwaukeeans of their missing comrades. The little huts; the long meshes of the drying nets; the white-winged fleet of fishing smacks that huddled at their feet, are gone. The white combing rollers that broke in long concave and hissing foam are curbed by the ugly line of wooden breakwater, but still there remains much of what was once the tall, rounded bluff at the head of Biddle street. Near it—to the west—there were level fields and green pastures and little frame cottages within the first few hundred yards; and then, bigger white houses and one or two of brick—what palaces we boys declared them!—and then the staring walls of the brand new

Cathedral with its marvel of a clock tower and its jangling bells, and the little square belfry of the Court House peeping out beyond. The North Point seemed a long distance away; the South Point a day's journey, thanks to the wide *detour* around the Kinnickinnick marsh, and "many a time and oft," coming home from the forbidden swim in the Lake, have we boys clambered the steep pathway up the Biddle Street bluff, and, stopping to rest and gather breath, have stood there at the very verge, looking townward across the intervening field and far over to the wooded heights beyond the river.

And there to-day—on the summit of that very bluff—just as though he, too, had climbed from the din of the breakers on the beach below and had paused to gather breath and take a long look at the fair city, stands on its granite pedestal the effigy of him whom Milwaukee honors as its first citizen—the pioneer who trod that line of bluff when not a roof was raised between him and the westward stream.

Clad in the garb of the frontiersman, with ready rifle in his hand, "Old Solomo," the friend of the Indian, the trader and trapper and hunter, was known to every man who visited Milwaukee in its early days. Later he donned the dress of civilization, and white and red man hailed him as mayor and magistrate of the struggling town. Year after year he watched it growing, thriving, until the site of his humble cabin

became the heart of a bustling city. New men came and new enterprises prospered, but Solomon Juneau kept his hold upon the hearts of those whom he was first to welcome here, and, as the city grew, so was spread abroad his good name. Milwaukee's father, founder and steadfast friend, he lived his honored life among us, simple, tender-hearted and true; and in his death there fell a pall upon the whole community.

Long years have sped since he was called to his fathers. Here and there in our wide streets and on our archives his name appeared. Here and there the genial and benevolent features beamed from some gilded frame or illumined a page of our history, but not until years had rolled away was there placed upon our sod a lasting memorial of the man first welcomed of the red sons of the forest, whose lodges were thick along these wooded shores.

It is fitting that 'twere done as it was done. No labored municipal appropriation was sought. No appeal to alien ear was made. In all its solid worth the bronze that bears his mien is the tribute of affection and intimate friendship on the part of men who knew him well, of men whose names have been linked with that of our city since its very infancy, and whose own bonds of association are weighted with the records of half a century. The sign-board with their joint names and the first announcement of their enterprise stood within a stone's throw of the site of his

old cabin. They were constant visitors at his fireside. To one of them he offered the land that became the homestead of the young merchant who had so won the old trader's esteem. To him, too, sure of sympathy, he came with great tears trickling down his weather-beaten face and with sobs choking his utterance, to tell how death had robbed him of the wife who had shared his long exile.

Few men knew of their project until just before the blocks of the massive pedestal were hoisted into place. In the hands of an eminent sculptor and designer every detail of the statue had been completed abroad, and not until all preliminaries were settled was Milwaukee aware that within a coming week would the effigy of its founder be unveiled.

Despite the heat of the midsummer sun, no lovelier day had dawned on the city for years than that on which the ceremonies took place. Far out to sea the waters of the bay shown blue as the unclouded sky. The wooded points seemed nearer and clearer than ever before, as though closing in in sympathy with the purpose of the day. The close-cropped greensward, the graded pathways of the park and all the neighboring streets and homesteads were thronged with an interested gathering of our citizens; while the banner-draped platform and the seats upon the green were crowded with invited guests to most of whom Solomon Juneau had been personally well known. Close

at hand, under the bluffs, the graceful lines of the revenue cutter, gay with bunting, and the idly-flapping sails of many a smaller craft were reflected in the placid waters. Not a cats-paw seemed to ruffle the fair surface; not a breath of air to stir the foliage of the bordering trees. Far to the southward the smoke from the Bay View furnaces rose straight to the zenith, and over all the unclouded sun shone vividly.

Prompt at the hour the procession came in sight, threading its way through files of carriages down the line of bluff. Clauder's ringing, spirited music seemed more jubilant than ever, and the escorting troopers of the Light Horse and the jaunty infantrymen of the Sheridan Guards marched with more than their usual precision. Carriage after carriage discharged its load at the entrance to the enclosure; the city officials, the pioneers and old settlers' clubs joined the children and grand-children of Juneau upon the raised platform; and then, with the troops aligned at saluting distance and the black-mouthed guns of the battery unlimbered at the edge of the bluff, the preparations were complete, and all eyes were centered on the tall column draped and concealed in folds of flag; the music ceased, and the voice of Col. Charles King, Master of Ceremonies, called the assemblage to order with these brief words:

"The object of our meeting here this afternoon calls for no extended explanation. Within the past few

years Milwaukee has compassed the first half century of her existence, and barely two score years have passed away since the sight of the first steamboat anchoring off our shores could call forth but a meagre dozen of spectators.

"Foremost in that group of hardy pioneers stood the stalwart form of him in whose honor this statue gleams for the first time in the sunshine of to-day. Public spirited and loyal citizens have placed it here—a lasting tribute to his indomitable energy and perseverance.

"And now, in this presence—central figure in this unrivaled picture of earth and sea and sky, unveiled by the fair hands of his own grandchild, the effigy of "Old Solomo" shall look forth upon the scene of civilization and success that has sprung up about the site of the humble cabin he built so many years ago on the banks of 'Mahnawauk Seepe.'

"It is fitting that at such a time we invoke the blessing of the Almighty upon our enterprise, and we gladly give ear to one who from the earliest days of the infant city has been prominent in our midst—our pastor and our friend. I present to you the Reverend Doctor Keene."

INVOCATION.

O, Almighty Father, God of Heaven and Earth, in the order of whose providence, nations and cities are founded for the habitation and government of

men, we acknowledge thy goodness in the gift of this fair city, which, under thy merciful leading and guidance, is a pride and joy to the people who inhabit it. Gratefully we acknowledge thy merciful goodness to us, and while this day we assemble to do honor to man, we would not be unmindful of thee, our God. And thou who didst call the patriarchs to be chosen founders, instructors and representatives of a people and cities to be called after thy Name; we this day acknowledge thy goodness and mercy in the choice of thy servant, the founder of this city—a devout worshipper of thy Holy Name, an example of integrity and honor; of unselfish generosity, and of gentle bearing and character; the trusted and respected friend of the Indian and pioneer settler.

May the inhabitants of this city always cherish and emulate his virtues, and ever bear the character of God-fearing, righteous people. Bless the donors of the statue about to be unveiled. Preserve their generous gift from harm and injury, to perpetuate in accordance with their design the historical name of our earliest citizen, and the memory of a good and gracious man.

And we implore thy blessing on all in authority, that they may have grace, wisdom and understanding, so to discharge their duties as most effectually to promote thy glory, the interest of true religion and virtue, and the peace, good order and welfare of this State and City. Continue, O, Lord, to prosper our institutions for the promotion of sound learning, the diffusion of virtuous education, the advancement of Christian truth and the purity and prosperity of thy Universal Church. Bless all who labor in works of mercy. Care for all aged persons, and all little children, the sick and the afflicted.

Remember all who by reason of weakness are overcome, or by reason of poverty are forgotten, and save

us from the guilt of abusing the blessings of prosperity, to luxury and licentiousness, to irreligion and vice, lest we provoke Thee in just judgment. Give ear unto our prayers, O merciful and gracious Father, for the love of thy dear Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ,

Amen.

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, *Amen.*

At the close of the eloquent prayer, escorted by Mr. Richard H. Park, the designer and modeler of the statue, Miss Hattie White, grand-daughter of Juneau, stepped forward and took her position at the pedestal. The cords were placed in her hands, and then, with a burst of melody from the band and the thundering salute of the guns, the presented arms of the line of troops and the cheers of the assembled throng, there flashed into view as the folds fell away the glistening presentment of our pioneer citizen.

Heroic in size, easy and restful in pose, and in the frontier dress of fifty years ago, the figure is strong and marked in its resemblance, and in their placid benignity and kindliness the features are especially true to life. Among the Old Settlers' Club there were many who half arose and scanned the shining bronze

with eager interest and eyes that quickly moistened. The applause was renewed again and again until the thunder of the guns had ceased, and then earnest attention was given to the

ORATION OF HON. EDWARD D. HOLTON.

FELLOW CITIZENS, MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMON COUNCIL: Individuals, all along the pathway of man, have stepped forward and directly or indirectly builded cities. We are told in the sacred scriptures that Adam's oldest son went forth and builded a city. David, the stripling king, and sweet singer of Israel, had much to do with the building of that city, standing among the Judean hills, which was beautiful for situation. Constantine the Great, when he came to stand upon the banks of the Bosphorus, and contrasted it with the narrow, muddy waters of the Tiber, said: "The seat of the Roman Empire shall be changed; and here on the shore of this grand waterway shall it stand;" and the magnificent city of Constantinople arose at his behest. The capital of Peter the Great was out upon the desolate steppes of Russia, far from the ocean wave, and he said, "That will not do for the great Muscovite capital." And forthwith he ordered the city of St. Petersburg to arise upon the swampy borders of the River Neva, as it enters the Gulf of Finland. There it stands to-day, a mighty monument to the memory of a mighty man.

He whose memory we come to embalm in bronze to-day, may not have borne so conspicuous a part as these eminent ones, but among us he must have a name; among us he must have a history as bright as these, though less in degree, for he, too, was the builder of a city, a city as beautiful as either of those which

have been mentioned; a city considering the brevity of its existence, as large as was either of those imperial cities at a time when they were not older. We cannot enter upon a consideration of early historical sketches incident to our region of country without, in one form or another, being confronted at the threshold with the conspicuous parts enacted by the French Jesuit missionaries and the American Fur Company; the one the pioneer of religion, the other the pioneer of commerce. The presence of Solomon Juneau at the mouth of the Milwaukee, or, as the Indians called it, Mahnahwaukee River, on the 14th of September, 1818, was the outcome of these two forces or factors. Romance, poetry and even history, probably, have yet exhaustless fields in these two great continental epochs. These two forces were largely the forerunners of the civilization that has spanned the continent, and as a consequence we think nothing, to-day, of making the journey from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to the heads of Lakes Michigan and Superior. But what was that journey of 2,000 miles when Marquette made it 200 years ago, or, even three score and ten years ago, at the time Solomon Juneau made it? They each performed it by the same conveyance; perhaps the same boat-song was sung by each, as they plied their oars along that vast waterway. They each forced their boats over the same rapids or carried them by land. We have spoken of the Bosphorus upon which the Emperor Constantine placed his city; it is not grander than the waterway upon which our founder builded his city. We have spoken of the Neva, upon which Peter the Great placed his imperial city; it does not compare with the site of Milwaukee.

White men had visited Milwaukee before Mr. Juneau came. Mr. Mirandeau, a cultivated, refined and virtuous Frenchman, had lived many years here

before the advent of him whom we honor as our founder. Solomon Juneau was born on the 9th day of August, 1793, at a small village near Montreal. His parents were Alsatian French, of pure blood. He was christened Laurent Solomon, but he dropped his first name after he came here to reside. He received, probably in his parish church, some education, so that he was able to offer his services as a clerk. The stories of a hundred years ago, of the great lakes and the rivers leading to, and connecting them; the stories of the vast transactions of the fur companies; the thousands of romances of the many trappers and traders connected with these then great and absorbing commercial transactions, pervaded every household all along the St. Lawrence Valley, and constituted the very romance of that French life. Into this romance and the desire to participate in it entered young Juneau, and under its inspiration he reached Mackinac in September, 1816, at the age of 23.

At that time he must have been a man of great personal beauty. He was six feet in height; his curly hair black as the raven's wing; his eye dark, large, benign and beautiful; his form, broad, manly and symmetrical; his presence by nature majestic and commanding. His voice was clear and strong and trumpet-toned. He was an accomplished singer; he combined joviality and natural dignity. What a grand companion he must have been on that long journey from Montreal to Mackinac! With the oar he was the equal of any; in the storm and dangers of the journey he had no blanched cheek; courage of the highest order was his. I think I hear his voice high above all others as he joins with his brother boatmen, amid the winds and rolling waves:

> Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

At Mackinac he made the acquaintance of Jacques Vieau, Sr. This gentleman was a Frenchman, a man of large acquaintance with the Indian tribes, with whom he had extensive dealings, and over whom he exercised great influence. His headquarters were at Green Bay and he also had a store here at Milwaukee. In this gentleman's employ Mr. Juneau entered as a clerk soon after his arrival at Mackinac in 1816, and continued in his employ until 1818, when he came to Milwaukee. He continued as Mr. Vieau's head clerk through the years 1818 and 1819, during which time he married Josette, the 15-year-old daughter of his employer. She bore Mr. Juneau fifteen children.

At the time I first saw Mrs. Juneau, she was about 35 years old, a well-formed, good-sized, matronly, fine looking and well-deported woman. She was what was called a half-breed, her mother being from the Menominee tribe of Indians. Her father, as before stated, was Jaques Vieau, a Frenchman. At the time I speak of as first knowing Mrs. Juneau, she dressed partly in Indian fashion. She mingled but little with the incoming white population. She was noted for her benevolence and kindness to the poor, giving largely of her care to the throng of Indians, who were continually in the neighborhood of her dwelling, till as late as 1845, and perhaps even later. A true and faithful wife, a true and noble mother, a charitable and kindly neighbor was Mrs. Juneau. Her influence over Mr. Juneau was very great. Mr. Juneau was not without his faults, but this true and noble woman could always lead him into straight paths, if for a moment he stepped aside. Let her memory also be ever cherished by the people of this city which honors her husband as its chief founder.

And now we come to speak of the life of Mr. Juneau when he entered upon a business career of his own,

somewhere about 1820. He was made the agent of the American Fur Company, here at Milwaukee. At this time Wisconsin was known only as a part of the Northwest Territory ceded by the State of Virginia to the Federal government. No civil government extended over it other than that relating to the government of the Northwest Territory by Congress. The Menominees, the Pottawatomies, the Winnebagoes and the Sacs and Foxes occupied what is now the state of Wisconsin. A few white men were at Green Bay and at Prairie du Chien, chiefly French and half-breeds. Other than these two settlements, this state, now so abounding in towns, cities, roads, bridges, schools, colleges and all the insignia of highest civilization, was indeed a howling wilderness. But no, it was not a wilderness. It was full of people, but of another complexion than ours; it was full of industry, but different from ours. It was the industry of the chase; it was the skill and deep sagacity of the hunter. His treasures were found in the precious furs of the beaver, the martin, the fox, the mink and other fur-bearing animals; in the hides of the deer, the wolf and the bear. Who for twenty-five years was head man, was chief, was almost imperial guide over this widely-scattered population? 'Twas he whose memory we come to-day to commemorate. Constantine was emperor over the Roman people, and they went and came upon his order. Peter the Great was the father, the Czar, of the Muscovite people, and they came and went at his command.

Scarcely less imperial was Mr. Juneau's influence over the widely scattered Indian settlements of Wisconsin. So noble was he in his bearing, so just was he in his dealings, so true was he to the interests of these Indian tribes, that they reverenced him and accepted his advice and counsel as if he was indeed their chief

ruler. When he called for the gathering of the tribes, they came. Long lines of horses, laden with precious peltries, could be seen streaming along the Indian trails leading to Milwaukee, and, when arrived, whole cities of Indian wigwams would be seen planted upon our beautiful highlands surrounding Milwaukee. Did you think trade was never carried on here until these massive blocks of stores were built that now adorn our city, and which attract the masses of people seen in our streets? You are mistaken. During the period of which I speak, and of these gatherings, very extensive mercantile transactions were carried on. Large stocks of goods had been accumulated, brought chiefly from Montreal and Quebec, to be exchanged for the productions of the Indian. Who was the great merchant? To whom did this patient and hard-working people bring the fruit of their labors and cast at his feet, saying, "Take these, and count their value and give us of what we need in exchange!" Few are the men after all, that have so commanded the confidence of their fellows as to be entirely trusted as did these children of the forest trust their beloved "Solomo."

This trade went on for many days, followed by games and festivities. Did you think that athletic sports like our base ball performances, which command so much the attention of the public press of the present time, are but just now played? You are much mistaken. Mr. and Mrs. Juneau, with their children and family friends, the chiefs of the Indian tribes, have gone out upon the bluffs at the end of Wisconsin Street and are looking down upon the game of lacrosse performed on the green sward where now stretches Michigan and Huron Streets, and are witnessing exhibitions of agility, strength and skill, of which our base ball games are but baby playing. And do you think that horse-racing is but now first inaugurated in

Milwaukee. In this, too, you are equally mistaken. Look out upon that smooth, beautiful plain which now constitutes our Third Ward. There are a hundred horses in the ring. They are as beautiful and sleek as any you ever saw. They are all ridden by their owners, whose skill and agility are scarcely less attractive than the swiftness of the horse. There are Dexters and Mauds and J. I. C.'s in this ring, and as the victors come in the acclaim comes from throats that could make twice the noise that can the consumptive voices of our present base ball and horse-racing crowds. As for athletes, why there are among those young braves, runners that can outstrip the swiftest horse in a race of a hundred miles!

But now the trading is done, the payments are made, the races are over, the games, the feats and the revelries are closed. Solomon has said that he must now give attention to the very important business of the great fur company, and his brethren must depart for their homes.

The wigwams are struck, the pack horses are loaded with them, and the vast amount of goods of one sort and another—blankets, powder, shot, tomahawks, tobacco, and in those days more or less fire-water, and the long cavalcade takes its departure, as it came, for their abode in the wilderness, as we say, but not as they said, but to the loved hunting-grounds—homes ever dear to them—breathing their benedictions upon Solomo, their friend, their trusted brother, their true adviser, their peace-maker, their protector, their beloved Solomo.

At Mahnahwaukee now all is comparatively quiet and peaceful. The sober and important business now commands attention. This vast collection of peltries, filling great store-places, is to be prepared for shipment. Whither is it going, and how? The great burden-

bearing Mackinac boat is at its moorings ready to receive its cargo and enter upon its long journey through Lake Michigan and the Straits of Mackinac, by Huron, by the River St. Clair, the Detroit River, by Lake Erie, by Niagara's roaring waters, by Ontario, by the rushing waters of St. Lawrence to Montreal, where its cargo will be reshipped to London and China. Who is the conspicuous figure that summoned the tribes which brought these precious commodities, and who has determined their quality and value and paid for the same, so that they have departed not only without a murmur but with benediction on his head? And who now is preparing with consummate skill these precious goods so that they will go in safety from a thousand dangers to their far-off destination? Who now prepares the invoices for the owners and bills of lading for the consignees so that the great business goes on without confusion or friction? And who now, in the midst of all the seeming confusion and disorder, brings order and system to all interests, so that in the end and at the conclusion of all, it is found that the scale of accuracy and justice has been held with even hand, and those great merchants, the Astors and the Ramsey Crooks, said clear on to the end, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Who, I ask, has borne this conspicuous part?

From 1820 to 1838, nearly a score of years of this kingly ruling passes in the history of Mr. Juneau, and, lo! a tide rolling like the ocean strikes the western shore of Lake Michigan. It is the first army corps of emigrants from the Eastern States and from Europe. The Federal government now steps into the arena and asks the aboriginal inhabitants, those true owners of the soil, to exchange lands, and go for their hunting grounds beyond the Mississippi. Mourning is in all the wigwams. Here are true men as ever lived, devout

worshippers of the Great Spirit, seeking to the best of their ability to conform to His laws. As this message of their "Great Father" at Washington reaches them, they are saddened and sit speechless in their wigwams, and under the shadows of their beautiful forests, or upon the banks of their lakes and rivers. They are dumb, and can only appeal their case to the Great Spirit. The chiefs are loaded with gaudy red blankets and bedizened with trinkets and mock jewelry. Fire-water is not unknown. The treaties are made and the tribes must depart. Ah! as they go, slow and irresolute is their step; and well it may be, for sorrow and sadness is in their hearts as they pass from the land of their fathers, never to return.

The scene changes. Behold the army of occupation is here. The bugle blast of resolution and high purpose is heard. "We are house-builders," they cry; we are school and church builders; we are road-makers; we are bridge-builders; we are plowmen; we are hewers of stone and moulders of brick and of iron, and workers in wood. Our knowledge of manufactures reaches every department of human want and human skill; we are printers and students of books; we make and publish printed laws, observe their mandates ourselves, and exact the same obedience from all who come."

They enter in. Hear you now the sound of the hammer, the saw and the anvil. Look here, look there, on every hand human habitations and homes of comfort arise. Woman under Christian culture is here. Mark her beauty and sweetness as she stands in the door of her house and bids you welcome to that fresh home adorned by her handicraft! The forests are cleft. The mighty oaks, the beeches, the elms, the ash, the walnut and the maple go down before the axman's stroke. Highways are cast up and the blessed

land yields its abundance to the husbandman's skillful touch. But what of Mr. Juneau in this presence? Can he now face civilization and bear himself as when he was dealing only with the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, with whom he had so long lived almost as one of their own number? Yes, equally well. He was now the same elegant gentleman, manly, handsome, polite, always self-possessed, and, in these particulars, was the inferior of none of all this throng of the best types of the population of the Eastern States. Mr. Juneau, under the federal laws, had acquired one hundred and sixty acres of land on the east side of the river, where is now the very richest part of our city. As a city builder, upon the advent of these new comers, he called to his aid Benjamin H. Edgerton and Joshua Hathaway, able civil engineers, and at once platted this wide extent of land. He was baronial, indeed, in the possession of these thousands of city lots. Generous, liberal to a fault, he rapidly disposed of these lots; some for money, some on credit, some in exchange for goods and personal property of all kinds and descriptions, and not a few by gift. He had use for a great amount of merchandise, for there was never a time when there were not many Indians and half-breeds hanging about his house and grounds.

His memory was most remarkable. I think I am not mistaken in saying that he never made a mistake or was at a loss to know whether or not he had parted with this or that lot without reference to books.

Neither can I recall that in a single instance he ever had difficulty in any of these many transactions. At an early day, as I am informed, a verbal trade between him and the Hon. Morgan L. Martin was made for the half interest in a body of land for $600. No conveyance was made at the time. The value of the land increased to a large sum. Mr. Martin called Mr.

Juneau's attention to the verbal trade. It was at once ratified—though the difference was thousands of dollars. His word was proverbially as good as his bond. In all of the affairs of the city he was an honored and useful citizen. He was its first postmaster and its first mayor. In the discharge of these public trusts he was always modest and deferential to the educated men with whom he came in contact. He built the first vessel. He built the court-house (the old one) and with the square in front gave it to the county. He built the Milwaukee House, a large, spacious three-storied hotel, located near where the post-office now stands. He was a devout Catholic, and gave liberally to the cause of religion. At one time he was possessed of large wealth, but the characteristics of which I have spoken did not conduce to its retention, and he died a poor man.

He had gone to attend an Indian payment at Shawano in the northern part of the state. His duties were severe—the weather was inclement—he was there overtaken with illness and died on the 14th of November, 1856.

He sleeps in the Catholic cemetery, fronting Grand Avenue, west of the city.

Is he worthy of this gathering? Is he worthy of this monument? Behold him!

Mr. Mayor and gentlemen of the Common Council, Charles T. Bradley and William H. Metcalf, two of the oldest residents and most respected citizens of this community, at whose request I have made this humble effort in memory of the founder of our city, bid me tender this monument, alike so honorable to them, and the distinguished artist who has constructed it in the far distant city of Florence, as a free gift to the city of Milwaukee, and to beg at your hands its acceptance and future custody.

To which oration and in behalf of the city of Milwaukee, there followed the

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE BY HON. EMIL WALLBER.

HONORED SIR: —

With profound gratitude I accept this beautiful monument on behalf of the city of Milwaukee.

It is a happy incident, indeed, that the next statue presented to us after that of the Father of our *Country*, is the statue of the Father of our *City*.

Placed on public ground that bears his name, in sight of one of our great inland lakes, in full view of the spot which once was his home, this monument, erected to the memory of Solomon Juneau, leads our thoughts back to the days when Milwaukee was but an Indian village.

What a change since then! From a mere trading-post Milwaukee, now the metropolis of our state, has in a short space of time grown to be a city of over 185,000 inhabitants. Its area comprises about seventeen square miles. Its assessed valuation is nearly $90,000,000. Over four hundred teachers are employed in our public schools, imparting instruction to 19,000 pupils. Our large and extensive manufacturies, representing nearly every industry, have made us famous. Its press is honored and respected throughout the land. The log cabin of the days of Juneau has given way to spacious homes, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and now to all the beauties and attractions of our city is added the monument just unveiled, and I but voice the sentiment of our people when I say, that the work is beautiful as a product of art, honorable to the donors, and creditable to the artist.

On behalf of the inhabitants of this city, I beg you, sir, to convey their cordial thanks to the donors for this generous gift, and to assure them that their kindness and generosity will not be forgotten.

I sincerely hope that their munificent example will be emulated by other of our public-spirited citizens, confident that their liberality will ever be appreciated.

In the absence of Governor Rusk the following letter was read by his designated staff officer:

July 4th, 1887.

MY DEAR COLONEL: Your second letter, asking me to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Solomon Juneau, is received. I had confidently hoped to have the pleasure of witnessing the interesting ceremonies attending that event, but circumstances are such that I cannot avail myself of the privilege.

Milwaukee is to be congratulated upon having among her citizens public spirited gentlemen, who honor themselves and their city by thus doing honor to the memory of her first settler, and the first mayor of the chief city of our state.

The hardy pioneer, who was the advance guard of civilization and enlightenment, and the founder of a great city, deserved to have his name perpetuated, and it is a matter for congratulation that it has been so substantially done.

Please extend to Messrs. Bradley and Metcalf my thanks for their kind invitation and sincere regrets that I am unable to accept it.

Yours very truly,

J. M. RUSK.

COL. CHAS. KING.

SPEECH ON BEHALF OF PIONEER ASSOCIATION BY HON. JOHN P. M'GREGOR.

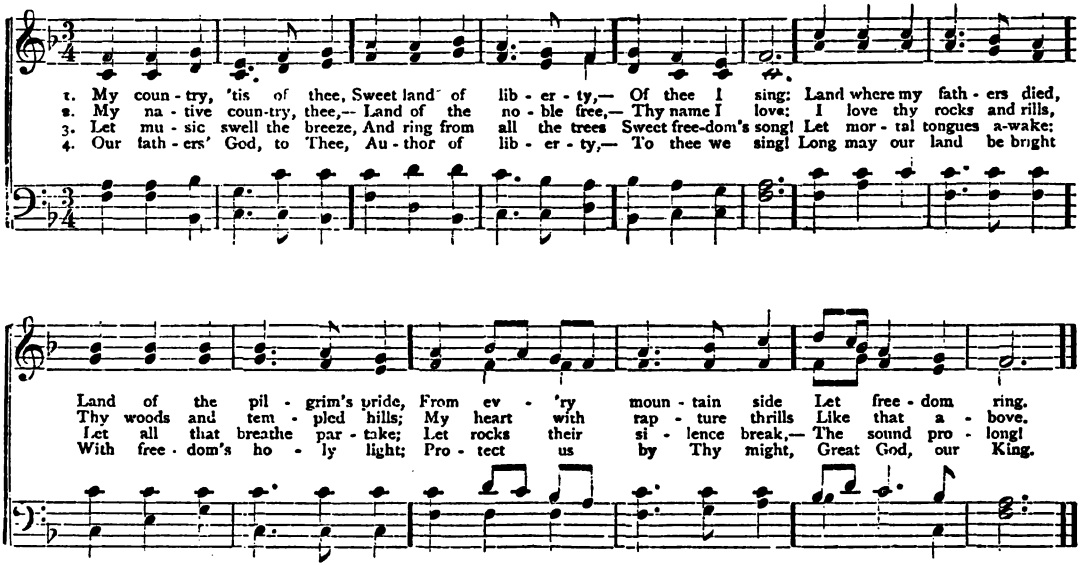
FELLOW CITIZENS: Though the honor of being one of the earliest settlers in Milwaukee is not mine, it has yet fallen to my lot to speak briefly, on this occasion, in behalf of the Milwaukee County Pioneer Association. These pioneers, to-day, have much of which to be proud, and many things for which to be thankful. In the ordinary course of events, it might readily have happened that the wandering, adventurous Indian trader found in the occupation of this point, when the advance guard of regular civilized settlers arrived, should have been one of whose character and conduct we could not well be proud, and who would not have been a suitable choice for first mayor of our city. It happened otherwise, and the little band was welcomed here by Solomon Juneau, to assist in honoring whose memory we have met to-day. It is true that Mr. Juneau was not the typical American "settler." He did not come here to make a farm, or to build a city; but to trade with the uncivilized red men, then in full possession of this whole Northwestern region. We must, however, remember that merchants and traders have always been important agencies in the spread of civilization throughout the world. Mr. Juneau became at once identified in interest with the new colony. The early pioneers yet bear witness to his many virtues, to his hospitality, to his largeness and warmth of heart, to his ready sympathy and help, to his manliness of character, and to his full possession of the qualities which make a man a good neighbor, a good friend and a good citizen. We know that so long as he lived he held the respect and esteem of his civilized associ-

ates, as well as the intense love and veneration of the remnants of the savage tribes, among whom much of his life was spent, and who followed his body to the grave with demonstrations of the deepest grief. The members of our Association desire to express their gratitude to the eminent firm of pioneer merchants, who honor themselves, who honor us, and do honor to our city by the erection of this grand monument to Solomon Juneau, whereon are faithfully reproduced the fine physical proportions and the commanding presence of the man, which none who knew him can ever forget. It is most appropriate that this statue of the first Milwaukee pioneer should be given to adorn our city by the oldest mercantile and manufacturing house now existing unchanged in Milwaukee, or perhaps anywhere in the Northwest; whose business and whose reputation reach from the Lakes to the Pacific, and which has long been a most favorable type of our commercial character and institutions. We thank these gentlemen at once for the gift and for the example. Milwaukee has been a most fortunate city. Early settlers who took part in clearing away the woods and in laying the first foundation have lived to see arise, first a thriving village, then a prosperous town, and then a large and beautiful city. They have witnessed the struggle for a bare existence, then moderate and well-to-do prosperity, and finally the accumulation of large wealth. And now, those who came, young men, with small means, to an entirely new settlement, and have here prospered and grown rich, are devoting their wealth to improve and adorn and beautify our city with fine buildings for commercial and public purposes, with grand churches and schools, with museums of science and schools of art, with noble art galleries and libraries, with paintings and statuary; so that Milwaukee bids fair to become an influential center of

education, refinement and culture. The work of the pioneers in this respect, as in all other affairs of this world, is nearly done. A very few years must end it, but they are thankful to have lived to see the dawn of this new era in the development of our city, and they have a confident faith that the coming generations shall carry this development to glorious results. We have lived in a time of unexampled progress, not only in our own country, but throughout the civilized world. The history of civilization tells of no such gigantic advances in any other century, nor has any other age given such bright promise for the future welfare of mankind on earth. We are proud, then, of our city of Milwaukee. We are proud of the grand and beautiful state of Wisconsin of which it is a part—a land of fair broad fields, of bright waters and green forests, a healthful and a happy country, fitted to sustain a healthy and vigorous race of men. We have reason to be proud and thankful that we have lived to see our united republic gradually stretch across the broad continent from one sea to the other, and become consolidated in our time by increased modern means of intercommunication, and by the rude shocks and throes of civil war, into one nation, one great people with the same hopes and aspirations; with abundant power to repel all assaults of enemies from without; and with abundant strength and wisdom to deal promptly, efficiently and mercifully with all fanatics, misleading or misled, who under any pretense whatever, may undertake to raise rebellion, or establish anarchy anywhere within its wide domains. Our hope and prayer is that this great country may be the undivided heritage of our children forever.

At the close of Mr. McGregor's address, which was interrupted by frequent applause, all the audience present, led by the band, joined in singing:

AMERICA.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,— Of thee I sing: Land where my fath - ers died,
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee,— Land of the no - ble free,— Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a-wake:
4. Our fath - ers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,— To thee we sing! Long may our land be bright
Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let all that breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break,— The sound pro - long!
With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Once again the guns belched forth their resonant salute and when quiet was restored, the voice of the revered Dr. Keene was again heard in the final

BENEDICTION.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of His son Jesus Christ; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be amongst you and remain with you always." *Amen.*

And so closed the ceremonies which transferred to the keeping of the City of Milwaukee the statue of its founder and first civil magistrate. It is a tribute at once to the benevolence and worth of a faithful friend and honored man, and to the fair city which cherishes his memory, and it may be permitted to him whose pleasure it has been to compile this little memoir, to add that in its beauty and intrinsic value, as well as in the inspiration which gave it being, the statue of Solomon Juneau is fitting *souvenir* of the character of its donors, whose years of residence in our midst have been crowned with the honors of universal esteem and whose fifty years of mutual association have no parallel in the history of the great Northwest.

List of Juneau's children, grandchildren and great-grand-children, who witnessed the unveiling from the platform.

Frank D. Juneau,
Mrs. Harriet Juneau Fox,
Mrs. Mary Juneau Husting,
Raymond Juneau,
Frank A. Juneau,
Mrs. Marion Juneau King,
Mrs. Bertha Juneau Dousman,
Miss Stoughton Juneau,
Miss Pauline Juneau,
Miss Olive McGee,
Miss Bella Fox.
Miss Fanny Fox,
George Walther,
Miss Sarah White,
Miss Hattie White,
Mrs. Minnie Cosgrave,
Mrs. Josie Reynolds,
Miss Florence Cosgrave,
Otto Husting,
Berthold Husting,
Henry King.

The site chosen for the statue is probably the finest in the city. Standing upon the bluff, a hundred feet above the lake, it is visible far from land, and is so placed that viewed from almost any direction its bold outlines are projected against the sky, while from the pedestal there is an unbroken view of Juneau Park from its extreme limit to the depot at its southern end, and as extensive a vista of shore and terrace to the north.

The monument stands on a solid foundation of stone sunk into the earth several feet below the frost line, and fitted to last for ages. The pedestal, classic in its order of architecture, is of red granite from the state

of Maine. It is twelve feet square at the base, and eighteen feet, six inches in height.

Upon the face of the second die and about eight feet from the ground, in bold, raised and polished, letters, is the name

SOLOMON JUNEAU.

On the opposite side facing the lake, and cut into the polished surface of the granite, is the dedicatory inscription:

THE GIFT
OF
CHARLES T. BRADLEY
AND
WILLIAM H. METCALF
TO THE
CITY OF MILWAUKEE.
1887.

Upon the two remaining faces of the same die are two bronze bas-reliefs representing episodes in the life of Juneau.

The one upon the north side shows him standing upon the bank of the Milwaukee River. A group of Indians of both sexes surround him, some offering peltries, others engaged in the varied occupations of an Indian camp. The one upon the south side is an illustration of the inauguration of Juneau as mayor

of the young city in 1846. Surrounded by prominent citizens, among whom there is seated at least one of the donors of the statue, the honored official is receiving an address of congratulation.

The statue itself is of heroic size—thirteen feet six inches in height, and is most pleasing in its effect. The features are calm, dignified and full of the benignity which was so marked a characteristic of the man. The figure is muscular and athletic, clad in the French Canadian costume that has been pronounced historically correct in every particular. The entire work is from the designs of Richard H. Park, of Florence, Italy, where, in the Royal Foundry and under his supervision, the bronzes were cast.

The pedestal, hewn from the quarries of Maine, was erected by, and after the designs of the New England Monument Company, of New York City.

SOLOMON JUNEAU.

Born, - - - - - - -	1793
Arrived at Milwaukee, - - -	1818
First postmaster of Milwaukee, -	1835
First president of the village of Milwaukee,	1837
First mayor of city of Milwaukee, -	1846
Died, aged 64, at Shawano, Nov. 14, -	1856

Buried in Calvary Cemetery, Milwaukee.

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